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THE OBSERVATOR.

A further Account of the Drinking Bout in Southwark. *Of the Scandal rais'd on Her Majesties Privy Council in* Scotland.

From Wednesday February the 21st, to Saturday February the 24th, 1705.

Obs. HAST got any more Complaints againſt me, Honeſt *Country-man?*

Country-m. Yes, a power of 'em, but you'll quit your ſelf of 'em, they are not worth Speaking of.

Obs. You promis'd to give me a more particular Account of the Drinking Bout in *Southwark.* Haſt got the Head or the Tail of that Story?

Country-m. Yes, Maſter, here's Lying Libelling *Leſley*, Prieſt of the Scandalous Order of the *Bog*, Chaplain in Ordinary to *Perkin* at St. *Germains*, and Secretary to the Tribe of *Iſſachar*, commonly called the *Jacobites* in *England*, has Printed the Story: He calls it the Calves-Head Refreſhment in *Southwark*, where the People ſung Anthems on the 30th of *January*, and Drank Suitable Healths, as to the Pious Memory of that Noble *Brittain* who ſtruck the ſtroke, and Cut of the Head of that *Antichriſtian* Tyrant, *&c.* and he ſays Complaint has been made of it.

Obs. And, truly, I think it a thing worthy of Complaint; for tho' I believe none there Preſent did Act any part in the Tragedy of that Day; yet, ſince there is an Act of Parliament for the Obſervance of that Day, I think it a very ill thing for Men to Revel and Drink, and Diſturb the Pious at their Devotion, which muſt needs be, for I think that Tavern is juſt by the Church; beſides, ſuch a Health as that is abominable at any Time, but more eſpecially on that Day.

Country-m. So far I am of your Opinion. But, Maſter, 'tis all a Damn'd Lie, there was no ſuch Health Drank, only the Health I told you of the Time before, and the Gentlemen did not Drink in Time of Divine Worſhip, but in the Evening.

Obs. I muſt be a little Curious in my Enquiry into this Story, becauſe I find the Forgery was deſigned to Aſperſe a Party that are good Friends to her Majeſty and Government; as for what *Leſley* Writes, it matters not much; that Fellow has got a Patent for Lying, but who the Devil gave it him I can't tell. But, prithee, where was the Complaint made?

Country-m. As I underſtand it, *Goody Stumm*, the Woman of the Houſe, Complain'd to the *Aſſa-Fætida* Juſtice, and the Drawer was Evidence.

Obs. I'll have a care how I Drink in that Houſe, this is like the Civility of Vintners; if Don *Cornuto*, the Womans Huſband had been Living, he might ha' come in for a Third Evidence, tho' he had been Drinking his half Pint by himſelf in the Cellar. But, prithee, was the Woman and the Drawer in the Company?

Country-m. No, no, but they heard 'em Sing, and Drink Healths, or ſomething or other, they nor no body elſe knows what; but I am credibly inform'd that the Gentlemen did not mention one Word of the Day, or what was done upon it.

Obs. To the great Grief of Mr. *Juſtice*, they were not ſo Wicked as he would have had 'em, and ſo he was reſolv'd to worry the poor *Taylor.*

Country-m. Maſter, upon Enquiry I find the Taylor is a good Subſtantial Man, a Perſon well Affected to the preſent Government, a Man of Senſe, and as fit to make a Juſtice of the Peace as a Druggiſt. But give a Man an ill Name and ſupport that Character with Lies and Forgeries, and the Reputation of the beſt Man in *England* may be ſpoil'd. They gave the Taylor an ill Name, and then they ſearch'd his Houſe for Arms to make the People believe him a Perſon Diſaffected to the Government.

Obs. Did they ſearch the *Papiſts* and *Jacobites* Houſes? Thoſe are known Enemies to the Government. But what Arms did they find?

Country-m. They found an old Muſket, that was fir'd off about 18 Years ago and not ſince; there was one old Sword, Brother to that with which *Cain* ſlew *Abel*, which they over-look'd; there were a Power of Needles, which tho' ſometimes they may dead-do a Louſe or fetch Humane Blood, yet could not be accounted Inſtruments of War, and ſo were not taken Notice of. A happy Shot was once made of a Taylors Gooſe at Sea, yet this Mans Geeſe being no *High-Flyers*, as the Juſtice himſelf finds his are not Swans, were alſo left on his Hands. But well was it for him that *Robin Hog* did not come along with the Searchers, he would have devour'd all his Cabbage.

Obs. But what did the Bench of Juſtices do in the Caſe?

Country-m. Why, their Worſhips diſcharg'd the Taylor, who Vindicated himſelf, and told their Worſhips that he was no Enemy to the Government or the Queen, and to juſtifie himſelf in that Point, he offered to take the Oaths to the Government, which he did.

Obs. Why then the Man was much a better Friend to Queen *Ann*, than the *Aſſa-Fætida* Juſtice was to King *William*, he paid as a *Nonjuror* in the late Reign; and what ever others may think, it is my confirm'd Opinion, that no ſuch Perſons can be true Friends to the preſent Government.

Country-m. Nay, Sir, the Taylor went thro' Stitch in Vindication of his Loyalty, and offered to take the *Abjuration-Oath* alſo.

Obs. 'Tis pity every Man in *England* is not obliged to take that Oath, and upon refuſal to pay double Taxes. But, prithee, what Umbrage could there be for this *Calves-Head* Story?

Country-m. It came to a *Cods-Head* Story at laſt; for when the *Calves-Head* would not do, they found that the Gentlemen had Din'd at an Ale-Houſe upon

upon Salt Cod and Eggs, and then they turn'd it that way, as if the *Cods-Heads* had been Emblematically ſtruck off, hereupon the Fiſhmonger was examin'd, and it appeared that his *Cods* had no Heads, and therefore could not be ſtruck off, ſo that after a long Pother we have the Story as we had it at firſt, without either Head or Tail.

Obſ. No, no, Honeſt *Country-man*, I ſee the Tail of it; I know for what this Noiſe has been made. But methinks 'tis pity a whole Burrough ſhould be made uneaſie thro' the Ambition of an undeſcended Creature, that has wrigl'd himſelf into Power on purpoſe to be troubleſome to his Neighbours, and do but mark the Chain of this Story and you'll preſently gueſs at the Deſign: The Lye was form'd by the Party in *Southwark*, and then carried to *Leſley* to be Publiſh'd, and the Odium of it was to be caſt upon the Diſſenters, as you find it is in *Leſley*'s Paper, and I wiſh I had but as much Liberty to Speak Truth, as *Leſley* has to Print Lies.

Country-m. But, Maſter, if this horrible Lye ſhould come to the Queens Ear, 'twould be a ſad thing to have Her Majeſties good Subjects Miſrepreſented in the Royal Preſence.

Obſ. I know 'twas ſoon carried to 'tother end of the Town, and the Sons of *Faction* prick'd up their Ears and rejoyc'd mightily; but if this falſe Story ſhould happen to come to Her Majeſties Ears, you need not fear but the true Account will ſoon follow.

Country-m. Indeed, Maſter, the *Jack* Party in *Southwark* were mighty uppiſh, and ſaid they had now got ſomething againſt the next Election.

Obſ. Yes, ſo they have; they have got ſomething that will make their Candidate ſtink worſe than *Aſſa-Fœtida*.

Country-m. Ay, Maſter, and they were ſo mad when the Juſtices clear'd the Taylor, that they fell foul of the Taylors Son, and an Apothecary, which you know is the ſame to a Druggiſt, as a Squire is to a Knight-Errant, was the Man that flung the Young Man down Stairs and bruis'd him ſadly.

Obſ. The Young Man has his Courſe at Law againſt him. But what *Fundament-Driver* is this?

Country-m. E'en ſuch another as Married the Bull to the Cow. He hangs up his Peſtle and Mortar in the ſame place where he ought to hang himſelf. He's a *Vertuoſo*, and Aſtrologer enough to make an Almanack; he has found out by the Stars, that all the *Jacobites* in *England* will run Mad by the next *Midſummer* Moon, and in order thereunto, he is making a Cold Bath in *Southwark* to cool the Pericraniums of the long Ear'd Animals, for he'll get Money if it be by his own Father.

Obſ. Like to like, as the Devil ſaid to the Collier, the Apothecary and the Druggiſt may go together, and when the one has got as much Money by his Cold Bath, as the other has got by Stock-Jobbing, 'twill be time for him too, to ſet up for a Man of Power.

But the *Impudence* of the *Jacks* is as *great* as their Honeſty is *little*, what Lies will they not make? What Aſperſions will they not caſt on ſuch as love the Queen and Government? Nay, ſo very Impudent is the *Nonjuring* Libeller *Leſley*, that he forges Lies againſt her Majeſties Privy Council, particularly that of *Scotland*, in one of his Libels lately Printed, he ſays, *That the Privy Council of* Scotland, *and the Magiſtrates of* Edenburgh, *had ordered a Solemn Proceſſion on the* 15*th of* March *laſt, wherein the Hangman and his Men were dreſs'd in Prieſts Robes, with Croſſes upon their Heads to Execute Chriſt in Effigy*, &c.

Country-m. I don't know but at this Rate, in a little time, I ſhall ſee a Proceſſion to *Tyburn*, with a *Nonjuring* Parſon in the Cart, and 'twill not be the firſt neither. An Impudent Varlet! But, Maſter, is there any Ground for this Story?

Obſ. There were ſeveral *Popiſh* Veſtments and other Trinkets taken from the *Papiſts* in *Scotland*, and thereupon the Council made the following Order.

At *Edenburgh*, 14th day of *March*, 1704.

Sir James Stuart, *Her Majeſties Advocate, having Repreſented to the Council, that there were ſeveral Popiſh Veſtments, Trinkets, and others Seiz'd; and that they were given to his Lordſhip, and in his Cuſtody. The Lords of Her Majeſties Privy-Council do hereby Appoint and Ordain the Veſtments, Crucifixes and Trinkets to be Burnt at the Croſs at* Edenburgh, *to Morrow being the* 15*th Inſtant, betwixt the Hours of* 10 *and* 12 *in the Forenoon; and Appoints and Ordains the Magiſtrates of* Edenburgh *to ſee the ſame effectually done: And Appoints and Ordains the Chalice, Patine, and ſuch other of the ſaid Trinkets as are in Silver or Gold, to be Melted down, and delivered to the preſent* Kirk *Treaſurer of* Edenburgh, *for the uſe of the Poor thereof, allenarly extracted by me.*

Gill. Eliot. Cls. Sti. Conf.

Country m. And is this the Story? How much does the *French* King Pay the *Jacobites* a Year for Lying in his Cauſe? Not a ſmall Sum I believe.

Obſ. You have a more particular Account of this on the *Flying-Poſt*, where the Ingenious Author gives *Leſley*, I had almoſt ſaid the Devil, his due.

Country-m. Some People ſay the Author of the *Flying-Poſt* is a Damn'd *Whig*, like your Worſhip, and others ſay he's a Penſioner to *France*.

Obſ. We live in an Age that can reconcile Contraries: I know him to be a Gentleman of ſteady Integrity to the Liberties of *Engliſhmen*, Loyal to the Queen and Government; a Finiſh'd Scholar; and thoſe that would know his Relation to *France*, let em Read his Firſt and Second Parts of the Duke of *Anjou*'s Succeſſion Conſider'd, and there they'll find how much he Deſerves a Pention from *France*. He has Written too much *Truth*, there's the Crime. Poor *Truth* and *Honeſty*, they are of little Repute now-a-days.

Adverti ſements.

AT the **Blue-Paper Warehouſe** in *Aldermanbury* (and no where elſe) in *London*; are Sold the true ſorts of Figur'd Hangings; ſome in pieces of 12 Yards long, others after the Mode of Real Tapeſtry, others in imitation of *Iriſh* Stitch Flower'd Damask, Sprigs and Branches; others Yard-wide, in imitation of Marble, and other Colour'd Wainſcots, (which are to be put up in Pannels and Mouldings made for that purpoſe) fit for the Hanging of Parlors, Dining-Rooms and Stair-Caſes, and others in Yard wide Imboſt-work, in imitation of Gilded Leather; and a Curious ſort of Flock-work, in imitation of Caffaws, and other Things of Curious Figures and Colours; with Variety of Skreens, Chimney-pieces, Saſhes for Windows, (as Tranſparent as Sarcenet) and Linnen-Cloth Tapeſtry-Hangings.

NEctar and *Ambroſia* (finer now then ever it was yet) being the higheſt Cordial ever made Publick, Prepar'd from the Richeſt Spices, Herbs and Flowers, and done with right French Brandy; Comforting the Stomach, immediately digeſting any thing that offends, Cheriſhing the Heart, Strengthening the Brain, and ſo Cheers the Spirits, that it makes the whole Body lively, brisk and vigorous preſently; when firſt made, eight years ago, it was then deſign'd only for Ladies Cloſets, to Entertain Viſiters with, and for Gentlemens Private Drinking, being much uſed that way, and being ſo highly approved of above any other Dram (at the deſire of ſome of the latter) it is now Sold (and hath been ſome ſmall time) in 2d. Dram Glaſſes, at ſeveral Eminent Publick Houſes, and Coffee Houſes, in and about *London*; and at ſome ſuch place in many Cities and great Towns in *England*: I would requeſt the favour of Gentlemen to ask for it, to try if it does not fully anſwer the Character; the Author has left it to be Sold Wholeſale, by the Gallon, or Quart, and alſo for Private Perſons in 2s Bottles, at Mr. *Bakers*, Bookſeller, in *Mercers-Chappel*, *Cheapſide*, where any Perſon ſending by Letter or otherwiſe, to the ſaid Mr. *Baker*, may be ſupplyed, with a Glaſs, and Guilded Frame too, if deſired, a Perſon attending there for that purpoſe there will be room for very good Profit, to thoſe who Retale it. Ready Money being expected of all, and you may have as ſmall a Quantity as you pleaſe at firſt to try.

PRopoſals (different from all others yet publiſh'd) for a perpetual Aſſurance-Office. By a Voluntary Subſcription of two Thouſand Perſons of either Sex, who for certain Annual payments of 6*l.* will ſecure to their Nominee or Nominees, at leaſt 4 or 500*l.* beſides half the Money back again, that they ſhall have paid into the Office, together with other Advantages, by which every Members Yearly payments will be reduc'd to leſs than 40*s. per Annum*. Subſcriptions are taken, and the Articles at large may be ſeen at Mr. *Mathews*, a *Printer*, in *Pilkington-Court*, in *Little-Britain*, at Mr. *Barns*, in the *Pall-Mall*, Mr. *Cox*, at *Temple-Bar*, Mr. *Sawbridge*, in *Little-Britain*, Mr. *Nutt*, near Stationers-Hall, Mr. *Hodgſon*'s againſt *Grays-Inn*, in *Holbourn*; and at Mr. *Strahan*'s, againſt the *Royal-Exchange*, in *Cornhill*, Bookſellers.

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